

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FOR A SOCIETY OF FARMERS, AT QUINCY HALL, SOUTH MARKET STREET, WM. BUCKMINSTER, OF FRAMINGHAM, EDITOR.

VOL. 3.

A CONSOLIDATION OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
AND THE
YANKEE FARMER.

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Advertising on reasonable terms.

JOHN RAYNOLDS is Agent through New England.

AGRICULTURE.

Summer Sowing—New Husbandry.

While August lasts we shall urge our friends to make one trial at least of the plan which we have been recommending for half a dozen years past. That is, to renovate worn out grass lands without planting them in case where they do not desire the expense and delay of tilling and when the land is low and flat and not suitable for tillage.

There are thousands of acres in New England which are too cold for corn and too wet for pasture. Sour grasses, rushes, brakes, huckleberries, and a variety of other worthless matters are found here, of no use for fodder or fuel. Some acres of this kind are often the strongest and the best to be found on the whole farm. Yet farmers have been in the practice of letting these portions of their lands lie almost wholly unproductive, while they would resort to the higher and poorer parts that could be easily tilled, and here they would plant and sow grain from year to year and trust wholly to Providence to moisten and fit their dry grass fields for a harvest of English hay.

Farmers dreaded to meddle with such portions of their lands. They never yielded harvests that would pay the cost—they could not be planted in due season for a crop; and after planting them two or three years and rotting the sod it was found impracticable to stock down with grass in any kind of season in the spring months. The old favorite system, therefore, of sowing spring grain and grass seed together could not be put in practice, and these lands were usually considered the poorest on the farm.

In addition to all these objections it was found that after the sod had been completely rotted, by two or three years tilling, it was apt to lie heavy and dead unless more manure had been applied than could usually be spared. Consequently but little grass could be expected after one or two years growing.

The best farmers therefore thought they were seldom repaid for meddling with such portions of their lands, and they were suffered to lie unproductive. There were strong prejudices entertained against using a plough in these soils lest they would become still heavier and more sour by culture.

But since grass has been brought in so cheap from a foreign country, and its comparative importance, "Twenty, for thirty years past," have rendered us better than grain, and we led on to attempt bringing larger portions of our farms into grass for the syclope and for grazing.

IGNORANCE AND STUPIDITY OF WRITERS ON THIS SUBJECT.

It is well known to a large portion of our readers that ever since we commenced the publication of a paper nearly six years ago, we have been arguing the question of what we, and they also, considered "a New System of Husbandry;" that we have been telling them of our own experience in this matter; that we have been inviting them to turn over such lands as we have been describing, and the same grass seed on the furrow in the latter part of August. It is well known that we have satisfied hundreds of the advantages of this plan and peraded them to adopt it, as it gives an opportunity to plough and sow when the lands can be ploughed finely, and yet lie as light with the sward underneath, as they would with large quantities of manure.

Now do some of our wise city writers say on this subject? A hired writer in one of the Boston papers professing to enlighten farmers, and to aid their inquiries after truth, has recently stated, in answer to a correspondent, who commended "the new method of laying down our grass land," that "the new method, alluded to by our correspondent, has long been known and practiced." We have reason to know that Elias Phinney, Esq., of Lexington, are the public indebted for the method of renovating their meadows by a process to simple and efficacious!"

Here you have the story, farmers. Here it is repeated in the same paper that contained a similar silly statement last year from H. C. Morris. We should not have seen it had it not been copied into the *New England Farmer*, a respectable paper, that we take in exchange.

We should not now notice it or any thing else that comes from the same writer, but in self defense. We have for five or six years been urging our readers to try what we have always thought a new method of managing grass lands. If it is not new we past it is time one every should know it, for we ask nothing through "silly means."

We cannot say that insulated individuals have not tried this plan before the flood; but we do say we have never before seen any publication, European or American, that has recommended this course of farming, and none but the most ignorant of the subject of field husbandry will venture the assertion that this is an old mode of bringing old grass into new grass.

When a hiring of the same paper, whose name was H. C. Morris, told a similar tale, more than a year ago, the publishers of the N. E. Farmer came out most honorably and set the matter right. Not long after, however, it appeared from a statement in that paper that the Rev. Mr. Allen, of Pembroke, had turned a field of green sward in August and sowed grass seed without grain. On turning to the back numbers of the N. E. Farmer, we found Mr. Allen's communication on that subject. We probably saw it at the time it first appeared, more than a dozen years ago; and it may be that we took the hint from Mr. Allen's experiment. We

BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1844.

as ever if we can succeed in destroying the moths. Attention is needed at this season of the year to destroy them. Will not bee keepers take the hint, having learned their habits, and see which method will prove most effectual? When we are satisfied that worms are numerous within the hive, it is advisable to take up what honey there may be by the first of September or sooner, smoking the bees in the usual mode.

Those who prefer to make use of bee houses to shelter their hives, should take care to whitewash the inside in order to destroy all insects that are disposed to harbor in such places. If great attention is paid it may be that white washing the inside of the house often, while the moths are about, will be a good mode of destroying them.

It is of importance that facts instead of fiction should give our agricultural publications. Let politicians wrangle for power and peace,

"And sing their wild notes to the listless waste."

But let not farmers be deceived by ignorant boobies who are so entirely unacquainted with common farming processes. "Book farming" has become a bye-word; it is because so many erroneous pages have been written on the subject by quill men who have seldom looked abroad, or used a plough beyond the precincts of a nursery.

AN AMUSING STORY.

At one of the agricultural meetings in the State House last winter, the sun diverter that we have been noticing, undertook to describe a hay-cart which he thought a great improvement upon those now in common use. He was a long while in telling his story—he had seen a hay-cart so contrived that a person was needed to place the hay after it was pitched on—he told the exact number of spouts or stands on it, and how they were inserted in auger holes made in the sides and ends of the cart. At the tops of the standards, he said, a railing was fixed in such a way that the hay could not fall out—the standards can run through this railing and be supported by it. He said a pretty good load could be thrown into this cart without even a bay to bend it down, and he thought it a great improvement upon modern carts, with short stakes, that required one to place and tread down the hay.

We hear reports from Europe of the tons of timber that they raise on an acre; enough to make one stand. But England can raise nothing like our Indian corn. Our sweet Indian corn. Sweet used to be grain, sweet stalks and leaves, and the soil full of sweet roots that will rot and give nurture to succeeding harvests.

TIME OF CUTTING STALKS.

It has been the practice of many to cut their tops, that is, all above the highest ears, about the first of September. Other farmers prefer a later period,

and many modern farmers cut nothing till it is time to eat at the root. The most critical examiners assert that we lose much grain by taking off the heads of stalks when the grain is ripe, and a dead, and a number of trials have been made which tend to prove this.

It seems reasonable to suppose that while the juice still circulates in the top they will benefit the filling ear, and to cut the top off, or pluck away the sprouts or suckers that branch off from the root of the main stock, will cut off a part of the nourishment designed for the kernel. The better informed among the farmers say to cut in September.

WESTON, Aug. 5th, 1844.

INDIAN CORN—CUTTING STALKS.

Corn looks rich and of a fine color this season where it has had proper care. What looks richer than a fine field of corn in August? Fifty, sixty, seventy bushels to the acre may be obtained besides a large quantity of stover for cattle. What will you say if we offer to show you 40 tons of corn and stalks on a single acre? We cannot go to weight it, but we will leave each farmer, who has a good field of corn, to multiply the produce of one hill by the number of hills on an acre.

AN INGENIOUS FARMER.

Mr. B. is a man of great ingenuity, and has

invented a contrivance for cutting stalks which

will be of great service to farmers.

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William Buckminster, Editor.

AGRICULTURAL CRITICISM.

Written on agriculture are now so numerous that it is highly important to examine their doctrines occasionally and expose their errors. When nothing on the subject of husbandry appeared in print excepting what was read in the last page of an Almanac, there was but little need of criticism. We were pleased to pick up practical hints in any quarter and thus learn what was doing on farms that we could not conveniently visit.

But now books and papers are multiplied and we find as variant doctrines on the subject of Agriculture as on any that is discussed. We hear much on "The Science of Agriculture," from people who know but a precious little of any branch of farming. They use high sounding terms without conveying correct ideas, and it has become as necessary to impose the check of criticism on this branch of knowledge as on any other.

The office of critic is not so agreeable to most people, nor is it so profitable as some of the offices under the laws of the United States. But criticism is absolutely necessary to prevent confusion and to expose the theories of writers who profess to know what they have never had an opportunity to learn. Many quiet, easy people are disturbed with what they call the snarling of critics grating on the ear. But if criticism is not allowed, errors will not be exposed, and the most ignorant theorists will lead the ignorant astray.

The world is already full enough of worthless writings, but the terrors of criticism have operated much better than some patent pills, and to critics we are indebted for a separation of the valuable from the worthless productions of the pen from the time of the invention of letters.

Yet there is a species of criticism that the world ought to condemn. Interested and dishonest attacks on rivals or competitors, for private or malicious purposes are libelous and deserve the correction of the law, as well as of public sentiment. Let us have nothing but honest and fair dealing among farmers; "good weight and measure, crowded down" or rolled down, to crush all deception in its bud.

Let us encourage no stealings of others' writings, or of others' ideas; let every one have credit for his own. It is a mean and contemptible practice to copy an article from another known paper and instead of giving the proper credit to put the word "selected" underneath. Here is an acknowledgement of a want of originality and of an unwillingness to give the writer his due. "In all matters of fact, relating to Husbandry especially, we are desirous to have a voucher i.e. the facts stated. We then know better what weighs they should have in governing our own practice. In matters of theory and speculation, however, the case is different. The writer is not bound to give his name, but the publisher to whom he addresses his communication has the copy-right.

COMMERCE OF THE WEST.

We have given, in another column, a concise account of the trade of Chicago, a new and growing town at the south end of lake Michigan, the waters of the lakes with the head waters of the Illinois river, which empties into the Mississippi.

By means of the *Welland Canal* it is said a vessel of 350 tons burthen may pass north of the Niagara Falls into lake Ontario, and thence down the St. Lawrence into the ocean, not shifing her cargo from Chicago to Europe. This would seem to be the easiest mode of transit, provided the tonnage is yet doubtful. Both parties claim a victory, of course.

Kentucky has elected a whig Governor and Legislature by a majority of three and four thousand, the Governor having a less majority than Morehead had in 1842, by several hundred.

Illinois has sent us but few returns. In Chicago the tall gentleman, Wentworth, dem. stands higher than ever—there is no great effort made by the whigs as it is a strong democratic district. At present we can say but little, though we think the whigs have not much confidence in their strength in this state.

Kentucky has elected a whig Governor and Legislature as all parties expected. We cannot yet give the exact majorities.

Indiana.—Here the contest is warm; both parties have put forth their strength for ascendancy in the state. About 20 of the 50 Senators, including accidental vacancies, are to be elected this year.—Last year each party had 25, and the House stood 45 whigs to 55 democrats. From the returns that have been made, the whigs have gained five members in the House and they stand now 24 whigs to 22 democrats in the Senate. The Washington Globe gives 25 whig Senators of the 50, but there is yet doubtful. Both parties claim a victory, of course.

MOVEMENTS IN CHICAGO.—A new principle in clock making have been seen recently which enable them to be run for a year or more without winding up. They are represented as simple in construction; easily adjusted and regulated, and may be fitted up in any style required. For banks, churches, and other public buildings, they are particularly suitable.

One that is about 100 feet high, and is to be used for its being wound up, is also the period for the winding up of his arduous duties. [Albany Advertiser.]

YANKEE NOTHINGS.—The cargo of the brig New England, cleared at Boston last week, for Barbados and Trinidad, was lost.

With much difficulty. On Wednesday they had a dress parade which called out great numbers of the citizens. They visited the Arsenal in that place.

THE ROTURY ARTILLERY have been on a review to Portland and have been received there with much civility. On Wednesday they had a dress parade which called out great numbers of the citizens. They visited the Arsenal in that place.

DON'T FIGHT WITH SHOVELS.—The Baltimore paper—*"a young lady died recently in consequence of wounds on her head, inflicted by her sister, with a fire shovel, two weeks ago."*

THE KNICKERBOCKER, published by Ossian Brooks & Co. at 120 Washington St., contains a "Legend of Spain," by Washington Irving, the literary agreeable variety of miscellany, literary notices, Editor's Table, &c.

REDDING & CO., & State St. have the September No. of "Arthur's Ladies' Magazine," with fine engravings and excellent stories.—"The Mirror," "The Rover," the 7th No. of "Harper's Pictorial Bible," &c. &c.

WE LEARN that on Friday evening last, Messrs. Jordan & Co., 121 Washington St., gave the "Ladies' Companion" with steel engravings, Plate of Fashions, Music, Tales and Poetical Articles, by popular contributors.

THE "ODES OF ANACREON," "RHYMES ON THE LEGEND OF SPAIN," &c. may all be had in the 29th No. of the "Mirror Library," published in a very neat and cheap form by Morris, Willis & Co.

Lewis & Sampson have received from the Press of Harper & Brothers, the 5th No. of the "Life of Andrew Jackson," Part XV of McClellan's Gazetteer, "No. 3 of 'The Spoon' and No. 1 of "The Wandering Jew" by Eugene Stee.

MUTINY AND EMBEZZLEMENT AT SEA.—The brig Orion, Captain Wilkins, arrived at our wharves yesterday afternoon from Porto Cabello and Laguira, having on board three men sent as prisoners to this country by the Hon. John P. Adams, United States Consul at the latter place, for alleged piracy by refusing to do duty to the American government, and on embracing the charge of the same. Their names are Col. Campbell, former mate of the above schooner, Charles Moody, steward, and Joshua Sherwood, on board the same. On their arrival at the wharf they were delivered in charge of Deputy Marshal O'Neill, and conveyed to prison to answer. They had been arrested by the United States Consul at Laguira in June, and have remained in custody ever since. [Philad. Ledger.]

CROSS IN WESTERN LOUISIANA.—Extract of a letter dated De Soto Parish, La., July 29, 1844.—Never were crops more promising in this abundant soil, than last season, it may be bought at 12 1/2 to 15 cents per bushel, and should occasionally showers continue and no frost happen to the Cotton crop, it will yield a bale to an acre in our parish.

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THE POET'S CORNER.

THE WORLD.

"Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
Yet, yet there is bloom on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey drops, too, for the taste."

"We murmur and droop, should a sorrow-cloud stay,
And note ALL THE SHADES of our lot;
But the rich scintillations that brightens our way,
Are basked in, enjoyed, and FORGOT."

"Those who look on mortality's ocean aight
Will not moan o'er each bilge that rolls,
But well the gories, the beauties, the night,
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals."

"How thankless is he, who remembers alone
All the bitter, the drear, and the dark;
Though the raven may scare, with its wailing tones,
Da we ne'er hear the song of the lark!"

"We may utter farewell, when 'tis torture to part;
But, in meeting the dear one again,
Have we never rejoiced, with that wildness of heart,
Which outbalances ages of pain?"

"Who hath not had moments laden with bliss,
When the soul in its fulness of love,
Would waiver, if bidden to choose between this
And the Paradise promised above?"

"Though the eye may dimmed with its grief-drop awhile,
And the whitened lip sigh forth its fear,
Yet pensive, indeed, is that face, where the smile
Is not often seen than the tear."

"There are times when the storm-gust may rattle
around;
There are spots where the poison shrub grows;
Yet are there not hours when might could be found
Betwix the south wind, the sunshine, and rose?"

"O haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,
Ach strange is the path that we take,
If these spring not beside us a few precious flowers,
To soften the thorn and the brake."

"The wail of regret, the rule clashing of strife,
The soul's harmony often may mar;
But I think we must own, in the discords of life,
'Tis ourselves that oft wake the wail."

"Earth is not all fair, yet it is not ALL gloom;
And the voice of the grateful will tell,
That he who allotted Pain, Death, and the Tomb,
Gave Hope, Health, and the Bridal as well."

"Should fate do its worst, and my spirit oppressed,
O'er our own shattered happiness pine,
Let me witness the joy in another's glad breast,
And some pleasure MUST kindle in mine."

"Then say not the world is a desert of thralles;
There is bloom, there is light on the waste,
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey drops, too, for the taste."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

I'll See About It.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MEET was alone in his counting room, one afternoon, in a most comfortable frame, both as regards mind and body. A profitable speculate in the morning had brought the former into a state of comparative security, and a good dinner had done all that was required for the repose of the latter. He was in a condition of half awake condition, which, occurring after dinner, is so very pleasant. The newspaper, whose pages at first possessed a charm for his eye, had fallen with the hand that held it, upon his knee. His head was gently reclined backwards against the top of a high, leather cushioned sofa; his eyes were opened, saw all things around him in imperfectly, and this time the door was quietly opened, and a lad of some fifteen or sixteen years, with a pale, thin face, high forehead and large dark eyes, entered. He approached the merchant with a "howdy."

Mr. Easy fell disturbed at this intrusion, for he felt it. He knew the lad to be his son, a poor widow, who had once been better circumstances than those now surrounding her. Her husband had, while living, been his intimate friend, and he had promised him, at his dying hour, to be the protector and adviser of his wife and children. He had meant to do all he promised, but, not having very fond of trouble, except where money was concerned, he had given up all thoughts for himself; he had not been as thoughtful in regard to Mrs. Mayberry, as he ought to have been. She was a modest, shrinking, sensitive woman, and had, notwithstanding her need of a friend and adviser, never called upon Mr. Easy, or even sent to request him to act for her in anything, except once. Her husband had left her poor. She knew little of the world. She had three young children, and one, the oldest, about sixteen. Had Mr. Easy been a man of more energy, he would have thrown many a ray upon her dark path, and lightened her burdened heart of many a doubt and fear. But he had permitted more than a year to pass since the death of her husband, without having once called upon her. "His neglect had not been intentional. His will was good but never active at the present moment. To-morrow," or next day, or every other day, he would call upon Mrs. Mayberry; but to-morrow, or next week, or very soon, had never yet come.

As for the widow, soon after her husband's death, she found that poverty was to be added to affliction. A few hundred dollars made up the sum of all that she received after the settlement of business, which had never been in a very prosperous condition. On this, under the expense of extorting a few dollars from her husband, she had nearly a year. Then the paucity of her little store made it apparent to her mind that individual exertion was required, directed towards procuring the means of support for her little family. Ignorant of the way in which this was to be done, and having no one to advise her, nearly two months more passed before she could determine what to do. By that time she had but a few dollars left, and was in a state of great mental distress and uncertainty. She then applied to some of the shrewd and observant common seers, but at prices that could not yield her any thing like a support.

Hiram, her oldest son, had kept at school up to this period. But now she had to withdraw him. It was impossible any longer to pay his tuition fees. He was an intelligent lad—active in mind, and pure in his manners.

But like his mother, he was timid, and inclined to avoid society. Like her, too, he had a proud independence of feeling, that made him shrink from asking or accepting a favor, or putting himself under an obligation to any one. He first became aware of his mother's true condition, when she took him from school, and explained the reason for so doing. At once his mind rose into the determination to do something to aid his mother. He felt a strong confidence in the soundness of her judgment, and wished to do what he could to assist her.

He felt that he had both the will and the power to act, and to act efficiently.

"Don't be disheartened, mother," he said, with animation. "I can and will do something. You have worked for me a great many years. Now I will work for you."

Where there is a will, there is a way. But it is often the case, that the will is the kind of intelligence that enables it to find the right way at once. This proved in the case of Hiram Mayberry.

He had a strong enough will, but did not know how to bring it into activity. Good, without its appropriate truth, is impotent. Of this the poor lad soon became conscious. To the question of his mother—

"What can you do, child?" an answer came not ready.

"Oh, I can do a great many things," was easily said; but, even in saying so, a sense of inability followed the first thought of what he should do, that the idea at once awakened.

The will impels, and then the understanding seeks for the means of effecting the purposes of the will. In the case of young Hiram, thought followed affection. He pondered for many days over the means by which he was to aid his mother. But, the more he thought, the more consciousness of his being a boy, and not a man, he was a weak boy. That however strong might be his purpose, his means of action were limited. His mother could aid him but little. She had but one suggestion to make, and that was, that she should endeavor to get a situation in some store, or a counting room. This he attempted to do. Following her direction, he called upon Mr. Easy, who promised to see about looking him up a situation. It happened a day after, that a neighbor spoke to him about a lad for his store—Mr. Easy had never forgotten his promise. Hiram was recommended, and the man called to see his mother.

"How much salary can you afford to give him?" asked Mrs. Mayberry, after learning all about the situation, and feeling satisfied that her son should accept of it.

"Salary, ma'am?" returned the storekeeper, in a tone of surprise. "We never give a boy any salary for the first year. The knowledge that is acquired in the first year is not worth a full compensation. After the first year, if he likes us, and we like him, we may give him seventy-five or a hundred dollars."

Poor Mrs. Mayberry's countenance fell immediately.

"I wouldn't think of his going out now, if it were not in the hope of his earning something," she said, in a disappointed voice.

"How much did you expect him to earn?" was asked by the storekeeper.

"I didn't know exactly what to expect. But I supposed he might earn four or five dollars a week."

"Five dollars a week is all we pay our porters, a able bodied, industrious man," was returned. "If you wish your son to become acquainted with mercantile business, you must not expect him to earn much for three or four years. At a trade you may receive for him barely a sufficient to board and clothe him, but nothing more."

This declaration so dampened the feelings of the mother that she could not reply for some moments. At length she said—

"If you will take my boy with the understanding, that in case I am not able to support him, or hear of a situation where a salary can be obtained, you will let him leave your employ without hindrance, and give him a chance to earn his own living."

The boy's face brightened instantly. Mr. Easy saw the effect of what he said, and made the task he was about entering upon reluctantly, an easy one. The boy waited for nearly a quarter of an hour, so eager to know the result that he could not compose himself to sit down. The sound of Mr. Easy's step at the door, at length made his heart bound. The merchant entered. Hiram met him face to face. One glance was sufficient to dash every dearly cherished hope to the ground.

"I am sorry," Mr. Easy said, "but the place is filled." The boy was silent.

"The boy was unable to control his feelings. The disappointment was too great. Tears gushed from his eyes, as he turned away and left the counting room without speaking.

"I'm afraid you're right, Mr. Easy," he said, as he stood, in a mournful attitude, by his desk, about five minutes after Hiram had left. "If I had seen about the situation when he first called upon me, I might have secured it for him. But it's too late now."

After saying this the merchant placed his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and commenced walking the floor of his counting room back and forwards. He could not get out of his mind the picture of his son's face. He got something to eat to the children to eat, and then taking the youngest, a little girl about two years old, into the house of a neighbor who had showed them some good will, asked her if she would take care of his sister until he returned home at dinner time. This neighbor readily consented to do promising, also, to call frequently to see him.

Thus masters went on for several months. Mrs. Mayberry working hard, and saving every cent of her great failure of strength.

In the morning, when she awoke, she would feel so languid and heavy, that to rise required a strong effort, and even after she was up, and attempted to resume her labors, her trembling frame almost refused to obey the dictates of her will. At length, nature gave way. One morning she was so sick that she could not rise. Her head throbbed with a dizzy, blinding pain, and she became one of the most popular leaders of the army. It is said he had tutored upon his arm in indebted characters this device: "The republic or death!"

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